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The Pro
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image COMICS PRESENTS
The Pro™

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THE PRO

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ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG! ENGLANDER!

How The Pro was Born

"So what I wanna know, " said Jimmy, cocking an imaginary submachine gun and aiming it at the bar full of bemused young German people, "is what happens when the trains *don't* run on time? Is it like BRRRRRTTTTTTTT!!"

Dusseldorf in November. Grey skies, grey architecture, grey bloody everything, although I must say the people were rather nice- that odd but charming mixture of politeness and continuous eye contact that characterises the modern Jerry. Jimmy Palmiotti, Amanda Conner and myself were sausage-side for a comic book convention, soon to be joined by old chum John McCrea (John's arrival had, curiously enough, been delayed by the discovery of a bomb on the autobahn- actually left there fifty-something years ago by the Royal Air Force. One up to the Blighty Boys!). It was while we were waiting for him to appear that I first broached the subject of *The Pro*...

It should come as no shock for the reader to learn that by now we were in a different bar, and had in fact been left to our own devices by our hosts. The new place was an Irish bar, an actual Irish bar at the heart of downtown Dusseldorf, called- and here I shit you not- *Fritzpatrick's*. The Guinness was not the worst I've ever tasted (that honour goes to a pub in Tanunda, South Australia) and as the evening drew on we allowed ourselves to relax. Not even John's eventual arrival in the company of two fellows in leather overcoats and fedoras was enough to upset our boozy reverie:

"I am afrait Herr McCrea's paperss...are not in order."

"They're not?"

"Nein. Ve vill haf to take him in for...quesstioning."

"Aye, that's great, mate, but we're sort of in the middle of something here. Johnny, you go with these lads and we'll see you later, all right?"

The Pro, as I told Jimmy and Amanda, was an idea I'd been kicking around for a couple of years: a superpowered prostitute with a lousy attitude, the perfect antidote to the nauseatingly sincere claptrap pumped out by the major publishers. Would Amanda like to draw it? Would Jimmy ink it? The opportunity for some very unpleasant fun, combined with the promise of dragging a number of corporate trademarks (oh, I'm sorry, did I say *corporate trademarks*? I meant *cultural icons*. Silly old me) through the dirt was too much for either of them to resist. We just had a couple of minor points to iron out, and then we were in business...

"Can there be horsies in it?"

"No, there can't be fucking horsies in it. Jesus."

"You know what we should do? We should get like a bunch of hookers to go to the San Diego con and promote this thing. They could like blow guys at the booth, we could have like vouchers for blow jobs to give away with every copy we sell. And every time a guy blows his wad we'll get the girls to like spit the jiz over a huge poster of The Pro, it'll be like fucking amazing, *everyone'll* be talking about it."

"Are you out of your mind? You're worse than him and his bloody horsies..."

And that was pretty much that. Amanda turned in a brilliant job on the art, and Jimmy sold the thing not only to Image Comics but to fifty thousand (and rising) readers, who- without Herr Palmiotti's diligent efforts- would never have even have heard of it. You'd be surprised how easy it is to pour your heart into a project only to watch it disappear without trace, all because the marketing guy had his head stuck up his ass. Jimmy hit the fucker clean out of the park.

Reaction to *The Pro* was pretty good- it was especially gratifying to see Amanda get the recognition she's long deserved, even more so when we realised we weren't going to be taking any shit for sexism or misogyny on a book drawn by a woman. Comic book legend Frank Miller was particularly complimentary: "Heh heh heh heh heh!" he told us, "Har har har har har!" Comic book Golden God Jim Steranko went one better, publicly refering to us as "terrorists" a few days after the World Trade Centre tragedy. We decided that our feelings for Jim could best be summed up by dedicating *The Pro* to him personally - although that wasn't the first idea we had, believe me.

Perhaps the last word should go to the aforementioned John McCrea, who we last saw a few paragraphs back, being whisked into the night in a shiny black Mercedes:

"Eh? What would I want a cigarette and a blindfold for?"

Enjoy the book.

Garth Ennis

The
ro.

UH.
UH.
UH.
UH.
UH.

FIFTY.
I ONLY GOT... THIRTY, LITTLE MORE...
THEN YOU CAN DRIVE US TO AN A.T.M. AND GET THE REST. LET'S GO.
THIRTY'S ENOUGH. YOU MADE ME WEAR A FUCKIN' RUBBER.
GODDAMN RIGHT I DID. WE AGREED ON THAT AND WE AGREED ON FIFTY-QUIT FUCKING ME AROUND AND GIVE ME THE MONEY, OKAY?
FUCKIN' BITCH.
YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER. I'M NOT GETTING OUT OF THE CAR 'TIL-
YOU FUCKIN' WHORE, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT...
I'LL FUCKIN' SHOW YOU, YOU-
FUCK!

FUCKIN' KILL YOU-
FUCKIN' BITCH-
COCKSUCKIN' FUCKIN' WHORE!!
JESUS CHRIST!
HUHH-
HUHH-
HUHH-
HHHH
FUCKED AGAIN.
BUNCHE
EZ

...TWO THIRTY IN THE MORNING! YOU SAID MIDNIGHT, NOT ONE MINUTE MORE!
I KNOW. I GOT HELD UP.
WAAAAAH!
WAAAAAAH!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I PUT UP WITH THIS! AGAIN AND AGAIN YOU LIE TO ME!
LOOK, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, JUST SAY SO...
AND I SHOULD GET A LOT MORE FOR MY TROUBLE THAN A LOUSY TWENTY DOLLARS!
I'M SURE GOD'LL GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN.
WHAT? WHAT'D YOU SAY?
MAYBE HE'LL DO US ALL A FAVOR AND TAKE YOU IN YOUR SLEEP...
WHAT?!
OH, BLOW IT OUT YOUR TWAT, YOU OLD WITCH.

WAAAHH...
WAAAAHHH...
WAAAAHH...
GLURB
PEPPER BLAST
Electric Slide

AND THIS IS THE HUMAN YOU BELIEVE CAN BECOME A HERO?
ANY HUMAN CAN BE A HERO, MY FAITHFUL ROBOT ASSISTANT. FOR IF THERE IS ONE THING I HAVE LEARNED IN MY CEASELESS VIGIL, IT IS THAT THESE STRANGE CREATURES HOLD WITHIN THEM THE POTENTIAL FOR ENDLESS EVIL— AND ULTIMATE GREATNESS...
I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD KNOW, VOYEUR.
THAT'S "VIEWER".
SORRY?
"VIEWER". NOT "VOYEUR".
I AM THE VIEWER.
HHHHH
FUCKED AGAIN.

OH YES, OF COURSE...
THE VIEWER...WHO HAS COME FROM FAR ACROSS THE UNIVERSE TO KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE UPON THIS FLEDGLING CIVILISATION...
AWAITING THE DAY WHEN THEY WILL EVOLVE TO JOIN THE OTHER RACES WHO LIVE AMONG THE STARS, AND TAKE THEIR PLACE IN OUR GLORIOUS GALACTIC ALLIANCE OF SENTIENT BEINGS...
Softsnotz TISSUES
Softsnotz TISSUES
Handi-Soft HAND CREME
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY, MY COMRADE DOWN THE COUNTLESS AEONS? ARE YOU STILL CERTAIN THAT THIS SOILED DOVE CANNOT BECOME A HERO?
DO WE HAVE... A WAGER?
ANYTHING TO WHILE AWAY THE AEONS...
THEN I SHALL LEND HER A LITTLE OF MY COSMIC SOUL TO AWAKEN THE POWERS SHE WILL REQUIRE...
AND THEN I SHALL ALERT THE LEAGUE.

"Monty Johns on K.W.B.L.X. and at nine in the A.M. here's J-Lo with DON'T GIVE UP THE DAY JOB—
9:00
cogsggr
ATTABOY... JUST A LITTLE LONGER...
WHAT THE FUCK--
WAAAAAHHH!!!

OKAY, LET'S... LET'S JUST.... JESUS, THIS IS FUCKED-
WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP FOR A SECOND AND LET ME THINK HERE?
AAH!
WAAAAAH
WAAAAAH
WAAAAAH
OH NO, GOD FORBID YOU WOULD EVER--
WAS THAT THE WINDOW?
WHO THE FUCK WOULD BE-- SHIT!
WAAAAAAH!
WHO--
Holy Fucking JESUS...
GREETINGS, COMRADE.
WELCOME TO THE FIGHT.

I AM THE SAINT.
AND THIS IS THE KNIGHT...
HIS VALIANT YOUNG COMPANION, THE SQUIRE...
MORNING, MA'AM!
THE LADY...
THE LIME...
COMIN' AT YA IN A HERO STYLEE!
AND SPEEDO.
HI!
TOGETHER WE ARE THE LEAGUE OF HONOR.
YEAH, I THINK I SAW YOU ON T.V.. YOU CAN'T KNOCK ON THE DOOR LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE, HUH?
I SWEAR I'M GONNA STRANGLE THIS LITTLE FUCKER ONE OF THESE DAYS...

AH...YES...
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, EXACTLY?
WAAAAAAAH!
WELL, WE'VE COME TO WELCOME YOU TO—
GIVE ME A SECOND HERE. THE LITTLE SHIT'S IMPOSSIBLE 'TIL HE GETS HIS MILK.
...AND SO, WHENEVER A NEW SUPERHERO ARISES, WE GATHER TO CELEBRATE THEIR JOINING THE NEVERENDING BATTLE AGAINST EVIL-- AND TO OFFER THEM A PLACE IN THE LEAGUE...
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
WAIT A MINUTE, DO YOU MEAN THIS SHIT THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME HERE, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT THE FUCK IS IT? WHO THE FUCK DID IT TO ME?
WELL,... WE DON'T KNOW ANY OF THE DETAILS, OBVIOUSLY, BUT WE CAN HELP YOU TO CHANNEL THIS POWER THAT'S AWOKEN IN YOU... WE CAN SHOW YOU A POSITIVE WAY TO—
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.
YOU ASSHOLES WANT ME TO BE ONE OF YOU.

THAT'S, UM, NOT QUITE HOW I'D PUT IT...
WORD UP, DON'T BE DISSING THE SAINT, HOMEGIRL! THAT BE WACK! HE BE THROWING YOU THE JUSTICE TIP!
IT IS A HARD ROAD YOU MUST TRAVEL SISTER. ALONE IT WILL BE ALL THE HARDER.
I'M NOT YOUR FUCKING SISTER.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU RETARDS THINK I'D WANT TO COME PLAY IN YOUR RUBBER ROOM WITH YOU, BUT YOU HAVE GOT THE WRONG WOMAN. I'VE GOT THE KID, A NINE-HOUR SHIFT AT DENNY'S -- which I have to be at in about twenty minutes-- AND A FUN NIGHT OF HAND-JOBS TO LOOK FORWARD TO. SO FUCK OFF AND CARRY ON SMEARING SHIT UP THE WALLS.
AND LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE.
BUT... BUT...
HARSH, DUDE! THIS FREAK BE TRIPPING!
AHEM.
THE LEAGUE HAS LONG RECOGNIZED THAT ITS MEMBERS REQUIRE A CERTAIN LEVEL OF FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO MAINTAIN A VIABLE GROUNDING IN EVERYDAY CIVILIAN LIFE. TO THAT END, A MODEST STIPEND HAS BEEN—
HOW MUCH?
IT'S THE BEST OFFER YOU'LL GET ALL DAY, MA'AM!

...WELL IN THAT CASE YOU CAN STICK YOUR STUPID JOB UP YOUR ASS, YOU FRUITY LITTLE SHITSTAIN.
WHAT?
THAT'S RICH, COMING FROM THE WORLD CHAMPION BUSBOY-FUCKER...
ASSHOLE.
SO WHAT IS IT I HAVE TO DO FOR THIS?
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT HONOR AND JUSTICE HAVE A **NEW** CHAMPION... EVIL AND OPPRESSION, A **NEW** ENEMY...
REMEMBER THIS MOMENT, CHILD. CHERISH IT. DRAW STRENGTH FROM IT.
WE GOING VIRTUOUS ON THE SORRY BUTT OF WRONGDOING!
IT'S SURE GONNA BE A HECK OF A RIDE!
WELCOME ONCE MORE-
TO THE BATTLE FOR ALL THAT IS RIGHT.
SOUNDS BETTER THAN SUCKING COCK FOR A LIVING, I GUESS.
WHAT'S NEXT?

I HAD TO FUCKING ASK.
Mercury Man's OLD BELT
Lunar Lass' Leotard
BOOP BOOP BOOP BOOP BOOP
HEY-!
THE METALARM!
SUPERHUMAN ACTIVITY DETECTED! COULD BE HOSTILE!
THE ACTION NEVER STOPS AROUND HERE..!
?
BOO-YA!
LET'S GO, LEAGUE OF HONOR!
WAIT-. JESUS-!
THIS FUCKING OUTFIT IS ALL THE WAY UP MY ASS...

well this is pretty fucking wierd...
SO WE HAVE TO FUCK THESE GUYS UP, IS THAT RIGHT?
WELL, WE-- WE'RE GOING TO HALT WHATEVER RAMPAGE OF DESTRUCTION THEY'VE GONE ON, YES...
WE GOTS TO GO OLD SCHOOL! AN EPIC-ASSED CLASH OF THE TITANS JUST LIKE BACK IN THE DAY!
LOOK! UP AHEAD! ATTACKING THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING!
THE NOUN!
THE ADVERB!
AND THE ADJECTIVE!
THE VERB!
THEY'VE TEAMED UP! IT'S A GRAMMATICAL GANG OF GRIMNESS INTENT ON INTERNATIONAL TERROR!
n.
adv.
adj.

UH...
Well, the proper names are pretty much all taken...
BUT WHY WOULD THEY ATTACK THE U.N.?
TO DRAW US INTO BATTLE, OF COURSE--
LOOK OUT--
BURN, LEAGUE OF HONOR!
WHUFF
ZOT!
DEFENSIVE PATTERN GAMMA, LEAGUE! WATCH OUT FOR INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!
TO BATTLE!
THAT REALLY FUCKING HURT...!

YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW THIS TIME, DO-GOODERS!
STAND FAST, LEAGUE! DON'T GIVE AN INCH!
RRRRR! RRRRR!
APPROACHING... MACH... ONE...!
NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW, YOU FOOLS! A NEW WORLD OF TRANSGRESSION AND DEPRAVITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!
PREPARE TO FEEL THE WRATH OF--
CUNT-RAG!!
AAAAAAHHH!!
AAAAAAAAH! LET GO! PLEASE! AAAAAAAAAHHH!!
I'LL TWIST THEM ROUND YOUR FUCKING NECK, YOU TWAT!
YOU THINK YOU CAN SHOOT ME WITH YOUR FUCKING LASER BEAMS? YOU TRYING TO FUCKING KILL ME OR SOMETHING?
UNNHH!
YOU LIKE THAT? HUH? HUH? YOU LIKE THAT?!

HEY.
HEY.
BITCH.
BRING YOUR KIDS TO WORK DAY
A CLOSE-RUN THING, BUT ONCE MORE JUSTICE HAS TRIUMPHED! LET'S SEE HOW OUR NEW COMRADE IN ARMS IS GETTING—
ON...
Greetings U.N.I.K.E.F. Members
WELCOME FUTURE WORLD LEADERS
Lady Go Pee-Pee.

...TOTALLY, UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE!
LOH
AS THE KNIGHT SAYS, THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE JUST DON'T DO, AND-
WE DO NOT URINATE OVER A VANQUISHED FOE ON THE FLOOR OF THE UNITED NATIONS! IN FULL VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLED AMBASSADORS!
HEY, I CAN NAME YOU A DOZEN OF THOSE ASSHOLES WHO PAY TO SEE SHIT LIKE THAT EVERY GODDAMN NIGHT THEY'RE IN TOWN...
PLEASE DON'T.
THAT'S NOT THE POINT! YOU HAVE DRAGGED THE NAME OF THE LEAGUE INTO THE DIRT WITH THIS ATROCITY!
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?

AH...WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SOME OF US ARE A LITTLE BIT CONCERNED ABOUT THE SWEARING...
YEAH, WHAT BE UP WITH THAT? CAN'T YOU STAY OFF THE PROFANITY TIP?
NOBODY LOVES A POTTY-MOUTH, MA'AM! HOW ABOUT TRYING TO GIVE IT A REST, HUH?
HOW ABOUT YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP 'TIL YOUR BALLS DROP?
HUH?
LATER, CHUM.
NEXT TIME I SAY FUCK OR CORNHOLE OR RIM-JOB OR COCKCHEESE, TRY TAKING A LOOK OUT THE GODDAMN WINDOW. I'VE GOT FIFTY BUCKS SAYS THE WORLD WON'T HAVE STOPPED TURNING.
AS FOR THE OTHER THING, THAT BIMBO DEATH-RAYED ME IN THE FUCKING STOMACH. SHE'S LUCKY I STOPPED WITH THE GOLDEN SHOWER. SO YOU DO THE JOB YOUR WAY AND I'LL DO IT MINE, GOT ME?
NOW: IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?
UM... NO...
GREAT. MEETING OVER. I HAVE TO GO TAKE A SHIT.

UH.
UH-
YEAH, NOT EVEN THREE INCHES! IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT!
UH?!
GOOD.
WHAT THE FUCK-?

REMEMBER ME, ASSLICK?
WH-WH-WH-WH-
LITTLE MATTER OF FIFTY BUCKS STILL OUTSTANDING? MM? THAT RING ANY BELLS?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU— WHO— GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS--
OKAY, HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS, YOU REMEMBER ANY OF THEM? THE ONES YOU GYPPED OR SLAPPED AROUND OR THREW OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN CAR? OR JUST BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF, OR IN A COUPLE OF INSTANCES ASS-RAPED IN THE BACK FUCKING SEAT?
'CAUSE HERE'S THE FUNNY THING, COCKSUCKER—
THEY REMEMBER YOU.
NO! NO, NUUHHHNN
FIRST UP!
WHAT THE FUCK IS-- FUCK!
FORM A LINE! NO SHOVING! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURN!
YOU'RE ALL OUT OF YOUR FUCKING--
AAAAAH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH
TNT
COLE'S WINE COOLER

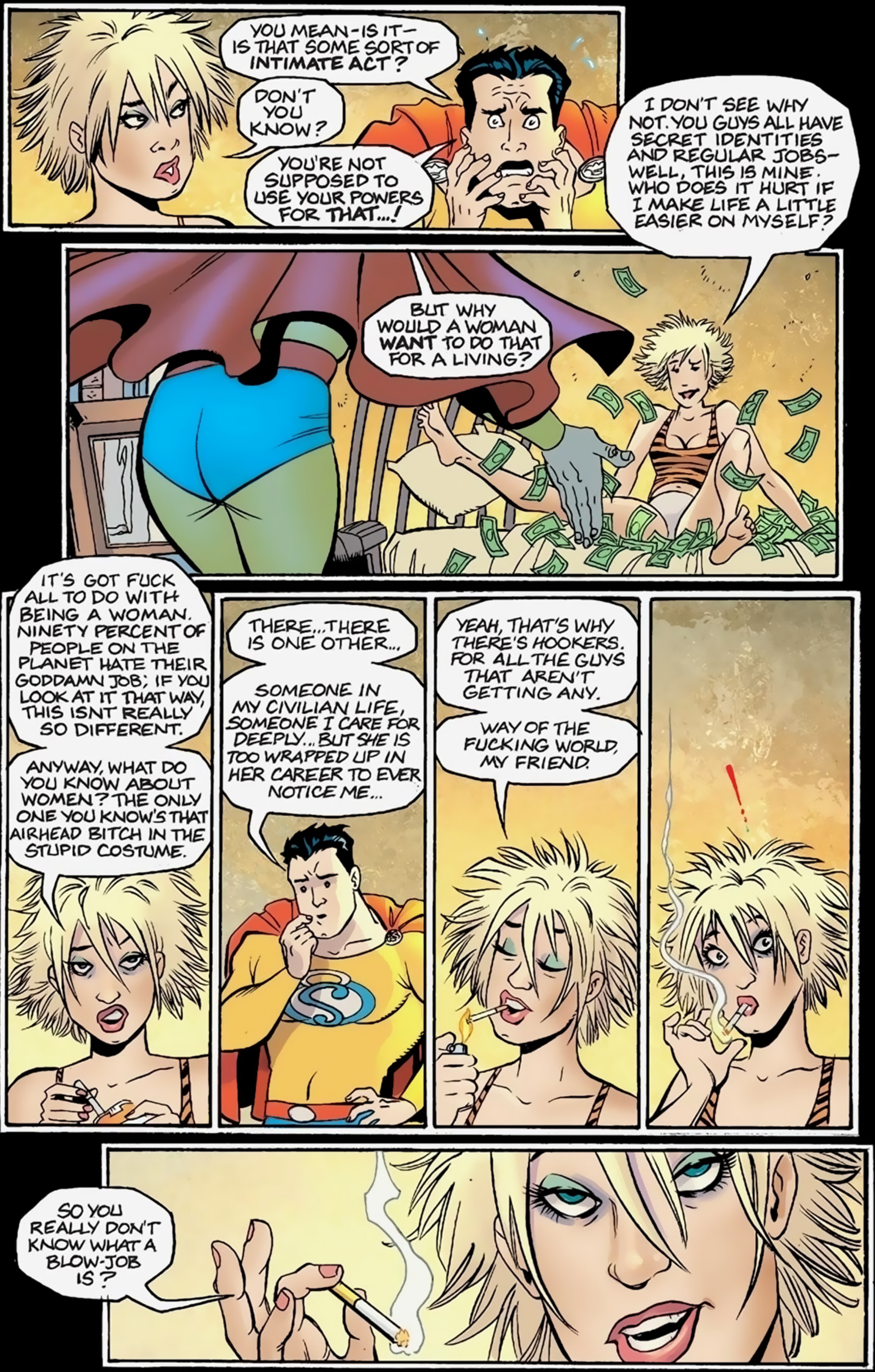
I MEAN IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! THAT ONE OF OUR OWN COULD BE A PART OF THIS — THIS VIOLATION, DEAR LORD, THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT MAKES ME NAUSEOUS...!
TRUE! THAT BE SOME HARSH-ASSED TREATMENT SHE LAID ON THE DUDE!
SHE HAS TO GO, SAINT. SHE CAN'T STAY IN THIS GROUP FOR ONE MORE MINUTE.
NOW LOOK, I THINK THAT'S GOING A BIT FAR...
REALLY? WHAT SHE DID TO THAT MAN'S ACCEPTABLE IN THE LEAGUE OF HONOR NOW, IS IT? WELL GOD HELP REX RUTHLESS AND THE DARKLORD OF HOLOK'AUST THE NEXT TIME THEY RUN INTO US, THEY'RE GOING TO BE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!
THAT ONE IS A TROUBLED SOUL, SAINT. SHE WALKS A PATH TOO DARK FOR US, I FEAR.
BUT ISN'T THAT PRECISELY THE POINT? YES, SHE IS — WELL, SOMETHING OF AN INDIVIDUAL, AND SHE IS A BIT MORE EXTREME THAN THE REST OF US, AND SHE ISN'T IDEAL HERO MATERIAL...
BUT THAT'S WHAT THE VIEWER TOLD US WHEN HE FIRST ALERTED US, PEOPLE! EVERYONE HAS HEROIC POTENTIAL WITHIN THEM! ANYONE CAN BE A SUPERHERO, PROVIDED THEY'RE GIVEN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND GUIDANCE- AND IN THIS INSTANCE, THAT'S EXACTLY THE TASK THAT FACES US!
IF WE GIVE UP ON THIS WOMAN NOW, WELL — WHAT RIGHT HAVE ANY OF US GOT TO CALL THEMSELVES A HERO?
HMMM.
I'LL, AH... I'LL JUST GO AND TALK TO HER, THEN...
YOU DO THAT SMALL THING.

...SEVENTY, EIGHTY, NINETY, FIVE HUNDRED... TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY, FORTY...
FIFTY, SIXTY, OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE-!
WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
ALL RIGHT, MOMMY'S COMING, SHUT THE FUCK UP...
WAAAAAAH!
WAAAAAAH!
WAAAAAAH!
YOU FUCKING CUNT.
WAAAAAAAAH!!

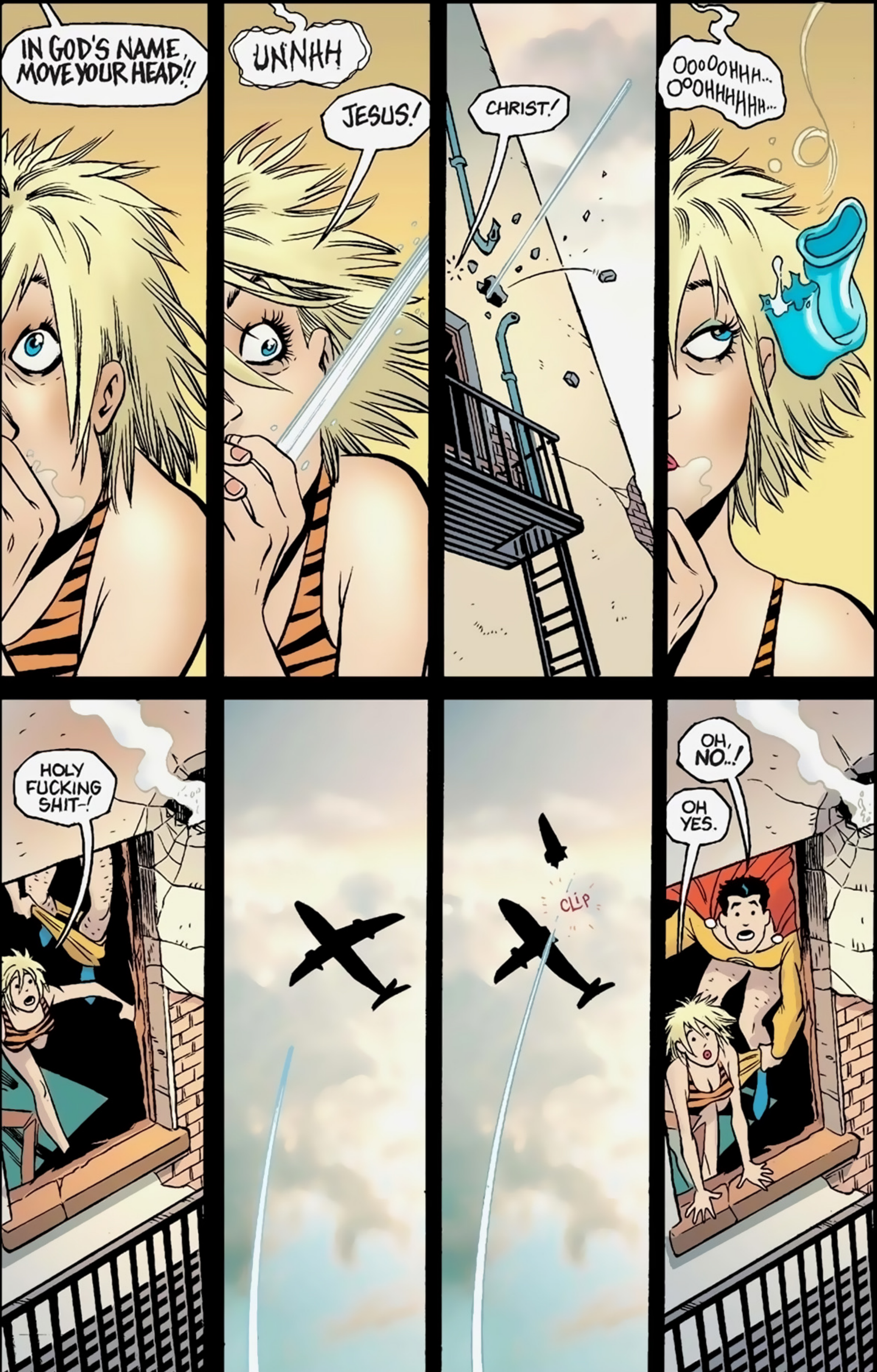
YOU... YOU PUT HIM THE FUCK DOWN...
FUCK YOU!
YOU FUCKIN' BITCH WHORE, YOU EVIL FUCKIN' SLUT! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO ME? YOU AN' THOSE OTHER COOZES, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU FUCKIN' DID?
YOU FUCKIN' DESTROYED ME! I GOT NO FUCKIN' SPHINCTER LEFT! I GOTTA WEAR A FUCKIN' COLOSTOMY, JESUS, THEY SAY THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO COMPLETELY RE-BORE MY FUCKIN' COLON!
YOU HARM ONE HAIR ON-
IT'S GONNA TAKE THIRTY FUCKING OPERATIONS TO RECONSTRUCT MY ASSHOLE!
WAAA AAAAH
WELL FUCK YOU, SPLIT-TAIL! YOU AND THIS LITTLE MAGGOT BOTH! I'M GONNA BLOW HIS BRAINS ALL OVER YOUR FUCKIN' BITCH FACE, AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS STAND AND FUCKIN' WATCH!

Crimp
UH?
I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE THAT, DON'T YOU?
AND THIS YOUNG FELLOW TOO... THAT'S RIGHT...
BUT
BUT
BU-

UUUHHHH.
DUDE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU. WE LOOKED EVERYWHERE.
UUUHHHH.
COME ON, NOW. YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO DO WITHOUT.
I hope he'll be all right...
AMBULANCE
YEAH? I HOPE THE MOTHERFUCKER CHOKES TO DEATH ON HIS OWN SHIT.
LOOK AT THAT, THE LITTLE BASTARD'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT...
YOU KNOW, I WISH YOU'D TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO DO THAT TO HIM.
SPUR OF THE MOMENT. WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, ANYWAY?
WELL- THE THING IS, I WANTED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT—.
Oh.
YEAH, NOT BAD, HUH? THOUSAND BLOW-JOBS A NIGHT; THIS SUPER-SPEED'S GONNA MAKE ME A RICH WOMAN...


YOU MEAN-IS IT- IS THAT SOME SORT OF INTIMATE ACT?
DON'T YOU KNOW?
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO USE YOUR POWERS FOR THAT...!
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT. YOU GUYS ALL HAVE SECRET IDENTITIES AND REGULAR JOBS- WELL, THIS IS MINE. WHO DOES IT HURT IF I MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER ON MYSELF?
BUT WHY WOULD A WOMAN WANT TO DO THAT FOR A LIVING?
IT'S GOT FUCK ALL TO DO WITH BEING A WOMAN. NINETY PERCENT OF PEOPLE ON THE PLANET HATE THEIR GODDAMN JOB; IF YOU LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, THIS ISNT REALLY SO DIFFERENT.
ANYWAY, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WOMEN? THE ONLY ONE YOU KNOW'S THAT AIRHEAD BITCH IN THE STUPID COSTUME.
THERE...THERE IS ONE OTHER...
SOMEONE IN MY CIVILIAN LIFE, SOMEONE I CARE FOR DEEPLY... BUT SHE IS TOO WRAPPED UP IN HER CAREER TO EVER NOTICE ME...
YEAH, THAT'S WHY THERE'S HOOKERS. FOR ALL THE GUYS THAT AREN'T GETTING ANY.
WAY OF THE FUCKING WORLD, MY FRIEND.
!
SO YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT A BLOW-JOB IS?

GREAT SCOTT...!
GOOD...LORD.. NNNGGHH--!
YOU'RE--THE MOST-- WONDERFUL--
DON'T MAKE MORE OF THIS THAN IT IS. YOU SAVED MY KID. I'M SAYING THANKS.
YESYESFINEOKAY!!
OOOHHH... OOOOHHHH...
OH-MY--
OH NO! MOVE YOUR HEAD!

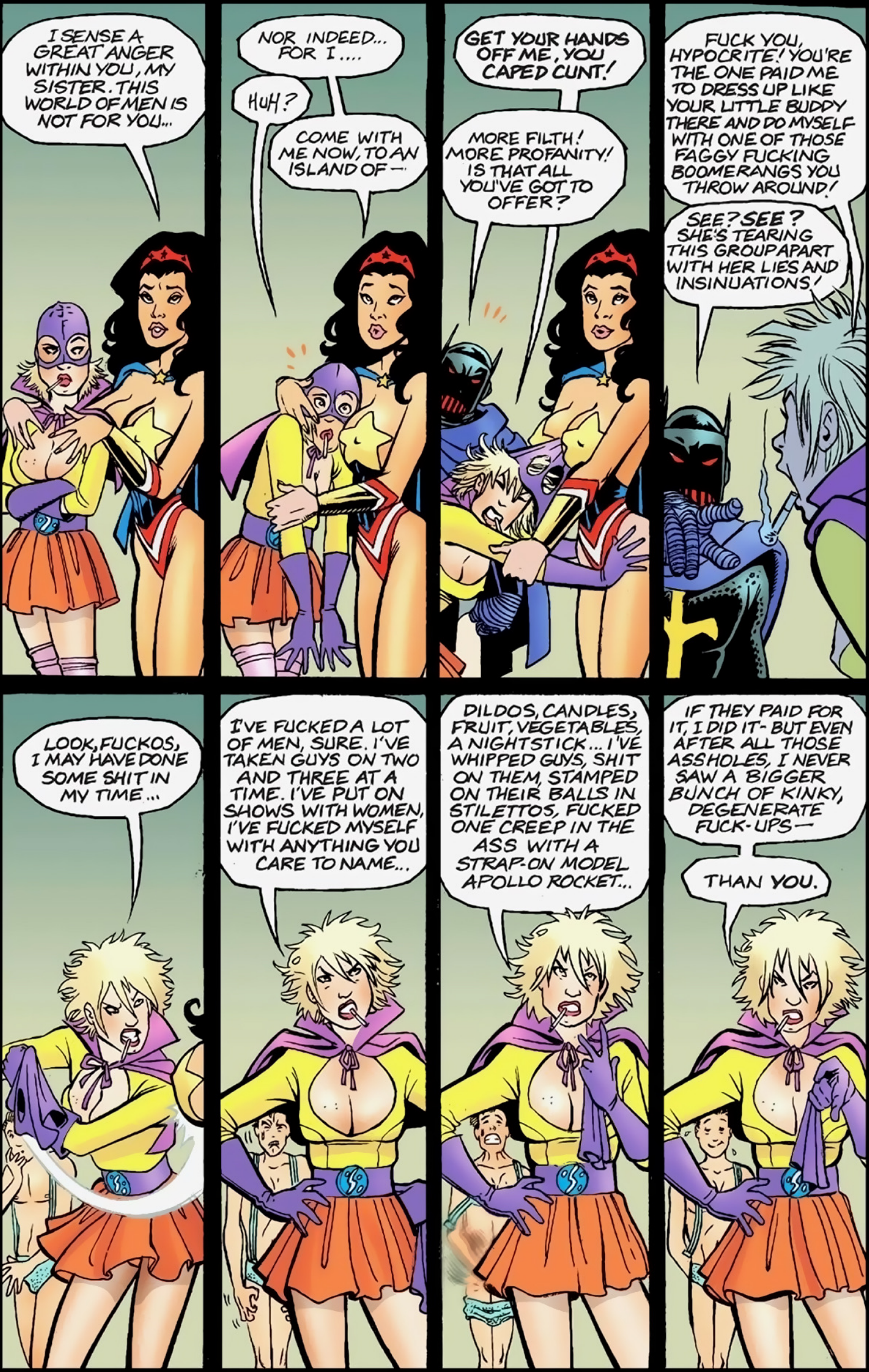

IN GOD'S NAME, MOVE YOUR HEAD!!
UNNHH
JESUS!
CHRIST!
OOOOOHHH... OOOHHHHHH...
HOLY FUCKING SHIT-!
CLIP
OH, NO..!
OH YES.

AAAAAAIIIIEEE!!
DEAR LORD, LET ME BE IN TIME--!
ALL THOSE PEOPLE! GOT TO MAKE IT!
GOT TO MAKE IT!

HHNNNGHH-!
GAHH...!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, THERE'S NO FURTHER CAUSE FOR ALARM! YOU'RE GOING TO BE OKAY!
Jet Blew
I'LL STAY WITH YOU ALL THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT! DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE ON THE GROUND IN NO TIME AT ALL!
OH THANK GOD!
WE-WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT-!
LOOK, MOM, LOOK! IT'S--
IT'S...

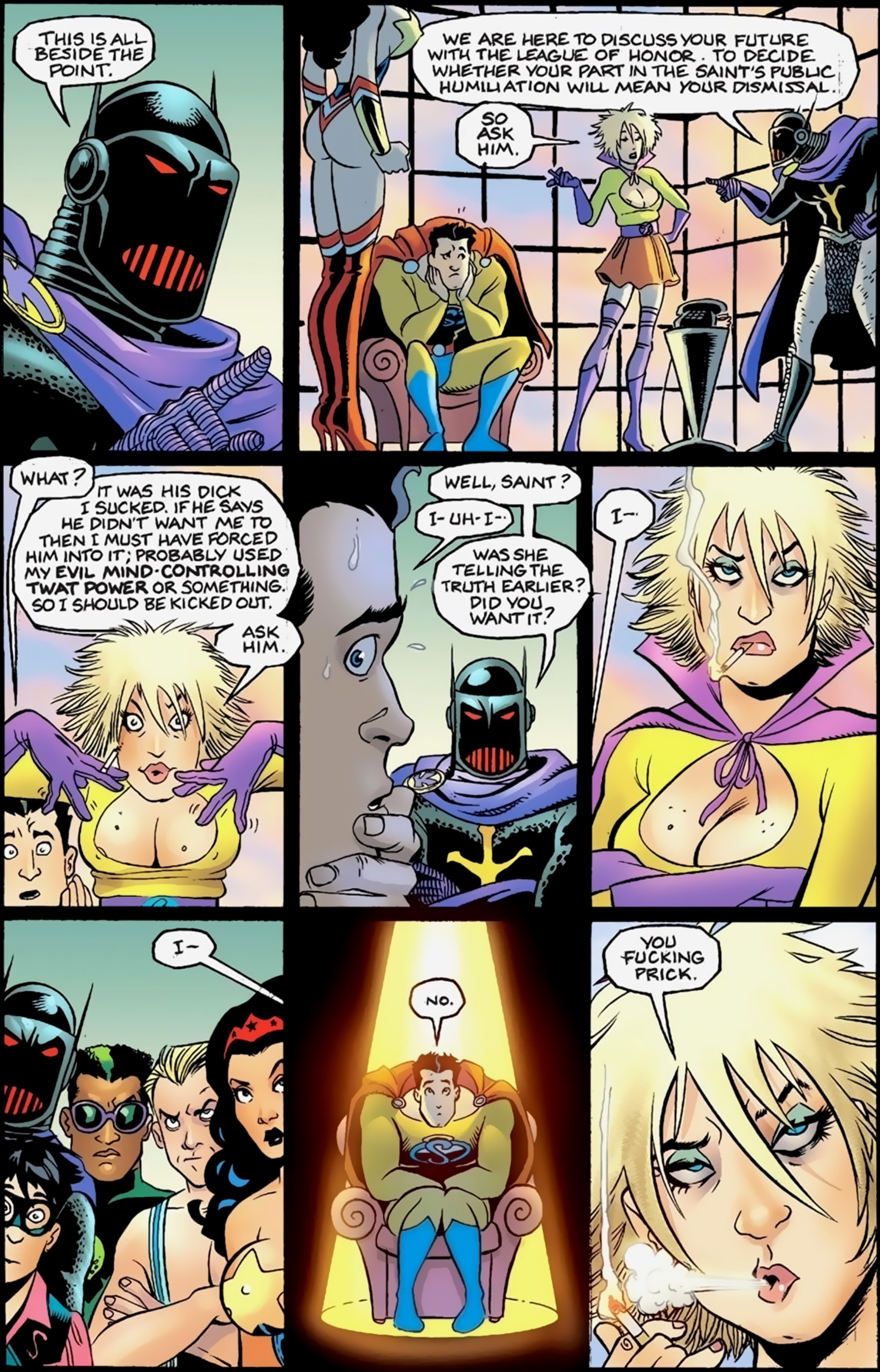
?
MOMMEEEEE..!
HMMM.
NOW WHY DO I GET THE FEELING I'M GOING TO GET THE BLAME FOR THIS?

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU HARLOT!
HARLOT? WHAT FUCKING CENTURY ARE YOU LIVING IN?
NEVER MIND MY TURN OF PHRASE! YOU SEDUCED OUR NOBLE LEADER—ENSNARED HIM IN YOUR WEB OF SIN! AND NOW HIS DISGRACE IS FRONT PAGE NEWS!
A STATE OF EXCITEMENT
NEW YORK DAILY SNOOZE
BOTTOMS UP UP & AWAY
I LOST 10 lbs.
THE GLOBAL EYE INSIDE!
SAUCY SAINTS SCATHING SNAPSHOTS
OH, BULLSHIT. SINCE WHEN CAN ANYONE MAKE HIM DO SOMETHING HE DOESN'T WANT TO DO?
OKAY, SO HIS COCK WAS HANGING OUT AND THERE WAS CUM FLYING EVERYWHERE—HE STILL SAVED THE PLANE, DIDN'T HE? SO WHAT IF EVERYONE SAW HIS BIG HAIRY ASS?
YO YO YO YO YO, THIS BE—
WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST FUCKING KILL YOURSELF? NOW?


I SENSE A GREAT ANGER WITHIN YOU, MY SISTER. THIS WORLD OF MEN IS NOT FOR YOU...
NOR INDEED... FOR I....
HUH?
COME WITH ME NOW, TO AN ISLAND OF—
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU CAPED CUNT!
MORE FILTH! MORE PROFANITY! IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO OFFER?
FUCK YOU, HYPOCRITE! YOU'RE THE ONE PAID ME TO DRESS UP LIKE YOUR LITTLE BUDDY THERE AND DO MYSELF WITH ONE OF THOSE FAGGY FUCKING BOOMERANGS YOU THROW AROUND!
SEE? SEE? SHE'S TEARING THIS GROUP APART WITH HER LIES AND INSINUATIONS!
LOOK, FUCKOS, I MAY HAVE DONE SOME SHIT IN MY TIME...
I'VE FUCKED A LOT OF MEN, SURE. I'VE TAKEN GUYS ON TWO AND THREE AT A TIME. I'VE PUT ON SHOWS WITH WOMEN, I'VE FUCKED MYSELF WITH ANYTHING YOU CARE TO NAME...
DILDOS, CANDLES, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, A NIGHTSTICK... I'VE WHIPPED GUYS, SHIT ON THEM, STAMPED ON THEIR BALLS IN STILETTOS, FUCKED ONE CREEP IN THE ASS WITH A STRAP-ON MODEL APOLLO ROCKET...
IF THEY PAID FOR IT, I DID IT- BUT EVEN AFTER ALL THOSE ASSHOLES, I NEVER SAW A BIGGER BUNCH OF KINKY, DEGENERATE FUCK-UPS—
THAN YOU.

HOW DARE YOU-!
OH, PLEASE. YOU DRESS UP LIKE THAT AND YOU RUN AROUND FIGHTING OTHER PERVERTS INTO THE SAME SHIT — WHAT KIND OF SICK FUCKING GAME D'YOU CALL THAT?
BUT THAT'S MONSTROUS! WE'RE THE LEAGUE OF HONOR; THE SECURITY OF THE PLANET RESTS IN OUR HANDS!
I MEAN DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY EVIL SUPERVILLAIN TEAM-UPS WE'VE DEFEATED? HOW OFTEN WE'VE SAVED THE WORLD FROM SOME UNSPEAKABLE COSMIC MENACE?
SHAME YOU COULD NEVER FIX THINGS SO I DIDN'T HAVE TO SUCK DICK TO FEED MY KID, ISN'T IT?
SOCIETAL CHANGE IS A MATTER FOR HUMANITY TO EFFECT ALONE. THE WHOLE QUESTION OF FREE WILL IS—
FORGET I ASKED...
LIKE I SAY, ALL YOU'RE DOING'S PLAYING GAMES. NOTHING YOU DO MAKES ANY REAL DIFFERENCE, NOTHING YOU DO PUTS YOU IN REAL DANGER...
THAT ISN'T TRUE AT ALL! THE SAINT GOT KILLED ONCE!
WELL, SORT OF, ANYWAY.
YES, AND I HURT MY BACK. QUITE BADLY, ACTUALLY.
AND I'M NOT THE ORIGINAL LIME. HE—
OH JESUS, THAT'S ALL SO FUCKING LAME IT MAKES MY TEETH HURT....

YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE REAL BASTARDS AND EXPECT TO GET AWAY SCOT-FREE. YOU CAN'T MAKE REAL CHANGES UNLESS YOU'RE PREPARED TO PISS-OFF AND HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE.
YOU GOOFS, WHATEVER IT IS YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU ARE NO USE TO THIS WORLD AT ALL. YOU ARE A LOUSY EXAMPLE TO PEOPLE, YOU ARE NOT THE KIND OF HEROES THEY NEED, AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE REALITY THEY HAVE TO LIVE IN.
BECAUSE THIS IS A HARSH FUCKING PLACE, AND IT IS **FUCKED** TO GIVE PEOPLE THE IDEA THAT SOMEONE'S COMING RIDING TO THE RESCUE.
TO INSPIRE HOPE CAN NEVER BE WRONG...
NO? WHAT ABOUT WHEN THOSE COCKSUCKERS SLAMMED THE PLANES INTO THE WORLD TRADE CENTER LAST YEAR - WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU THEN?
I THINK THAT WAS THE DAY WE WERE FIGHTING THE OVULATOR...
LISTEN TO ME: **WE DON'T NEED YOU.**
WHAT WE NEED ARE GUYS WITH THE BALLS TO DROP BOMBS ON SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS, BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE THESE ASSHOLES LIKE TO HIDE. OR PEOPLE WHO'VE GOT IT IN THEM TO SNEAK UP BEHIND THE MOTHERFUCKERS AND CUT EVERY THROAT IN SIGHT. OR JUST SOME POOR SLOB WHO'LL RUN INTO A FALLING BUILDING KNOWING HE'S GOING TO DIE, BUT WILLING TO THROW IT ALL AWAY ANYWAY.
WE NEED PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT **HOPE.**



THIS IS ALL BESIDE THE POINT.
WE ARE HERE TO DISCUSS YOUR FUTURE WITH THE LEAGUE OF HONOR. TO DECIDE WHETHER YOUR PART IN THE SAINT'S PUBLIC HUMILIATION WILL MEAN YOUR DISMISSAL.
SO ASK HIM.
WHAT?
IT WAS HIS DICK I SUCKED. IF HE SAYS HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO THEN I MUST HAVE FORCED HIM INTO IT; PROBABLY USED MY **EVIL MIND-CONTROLLING TWAT POWER** OR SOMETHING. SO I SHOULD BE KICKED OUT.
ASK HIM.
WELL, SAINT?
I- UH- I--
WAS SHE TELLING THE TRUTH EARLIER? DID YOU WANT IT?
I--
I-
NO.
YOU FUCKING PRICK.

BY SAPPHO'S LIPS!
I CAN HEAR...YES, ACROSS THE CITY, SOMETHING ABOUT A TERRORIST ATTACK...
A... A HOSTAGE CRISIS AT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
WAIT!
LET HER COME WITH US! ONE LAST CHANCE TO--ER--TO REDEEM HERSELF. SHE DESERVES THAT MUCH AT LEAST!
SHE DOES?
SHE'S ONE OF US, KNIGHT! WE CAN'T JUST CAST HER ASIDE LIKE SHE WAS NOTHING!
...VERY WELL.
SHE SHALL HAVE ONE CHANCE-AND ONE CHANCE ONLY-TO STAND AND FIGHT BESIDE THE LEAGUE OF HONOR.
i think i'm getting wet...

Oh, FUCK...
PATCHING INTO N.Y.P.D. CHANNELS NOW—.
AT LEAST SIX PERPS ARMED WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS... THIRTY PLUS HOSTAGES, ALL EITHER TOURISTS OR BUILDING STAFF... HELD ON THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH FLOOR OBSERVATION DECK...
ELEVATORS DISABLED, UPPER FLOORS ISOLATED... NO RESPONSE TO POLICE NEGOTIATORS... AND NO DEMANDS.
LISTEN, I THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE THIS ONE TO THE COPS. IF WE CHARGE IN NOW WE COULD FUCK UP WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE PLANNING, NOT TO MENTION GETTING EVERYONE IN THERE KILLED...
IT'S NOT IN OUR NATURE TO STAND IDLY BY WHILE INFAMY REARS ITS HEAD.
LIME?
YO-YO-YO, WHAT BE UP?
YOU'RE GOING TO DISTRACT THE TERRORISTS WHILE THE REST OF US COME IN FROM THE REAR. KEEP THEM OCCUPIED LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO REACH THE HOSTAGES.
YOU GOTS IT, K-DOG! YOU BE THE MAN, KNOW WHAT I BE SAYING?

BRAVO COMMAND TO ALL BRAVO BOYS, WE ARE GREEN FOR GO, REPEAT, WE ARE WHAT THE FUCK-
BRAVO FOUR, WE'VE GOT MORE OF THEM COMING IN FROM THE EAST, OVER-
BRAVO THREE, I HAVE NO CLEAR SHOT-
THIS IS SIX-AH-NO CLEAR SHOT-
GOD DAMMIT!
BRAVO, BACK OFF, BACK OFF! DO NOT DEPLOY, I REPEAT, DO NOT DEPLOY!
POLICE N.Y.P.D.
YO! YOU SUCKAZ BE WAY OFF YOUR TURF, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'? YOU FOOLS BE BUGGIN', MAN!
YOU BE MESSIN' WITH A PLAYA NOW!

YEEOW!
AAAAAAAAAAAHHHH

HOLY JESUS--
Y-Y-YOU CAN'T KILL THEM-!
THEY'VE GOT FUCKING MACHINE GUNS, WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU EXPECT?
BUT THEN YOU'RE AS BAD AS--
NO!
WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING IN THERE?

FUCK IT.
BRAVO, GO, GO NOW, TAKE`EM DOWN AND GET YOUR ASSES IN THERE—
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I THINK SO...
A...A...A...
ALLAH AKBAR! GOD IS GREAT!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT...
DON'T LET HIM DROP IT!
DON'T LET HIM TAKE HIS HANDS OFF IT! MOTHERFUCKER, DON'T YOU EVEN TWITCH!
I-I-I-
ASSHOLE-!
AAAAAAHH! AAAAAHH!!
JESUS CHRIST, DON'T STRUGGLE, YOU DICK-
SHIT!
FUCK, DON'T DROP IT! KEEP THAT FUCKING HANDGRIP DEPRESSED!
BOMB SQUAD!
GET JONESY IN HERE!

IT'S A NUKE.
OH, GREAT...
FUCKING JESUS. NO WONDER THERE WEREN'T ANY GODDAMN DEMANDS.
WHEN HE DEPRESSED THE HANDGRIP, HE ARMED IT. IF YOU EASE YOUR GRIP EVEN A FRACTION, IT'LL GO OFF.
NOW THE BAD NEWS: IN A LITTLE UNDER FIVE MINUTES, IT'S GOING TO GO OFF ANYWAY.
GIVE IT TO ME.
I'LL FLY IT INTO SPACE AND... AND WHEN IT GOES OFF NO-ONE ELSE WILL BE HURT...
DON'T BE STUPID, HOW CAN I GIVE IT TO YOU WITHOUT TAKING MY HANDS OFF IT?
I HAVE A KID.

TURN HIM INTO ONE OF YOU ASSHOLES AND I SWEAR TO FUCK I'LL COME BACK AND HAUNT YOU FOREVER.
WILL... SHE...
NOT A HOPE.

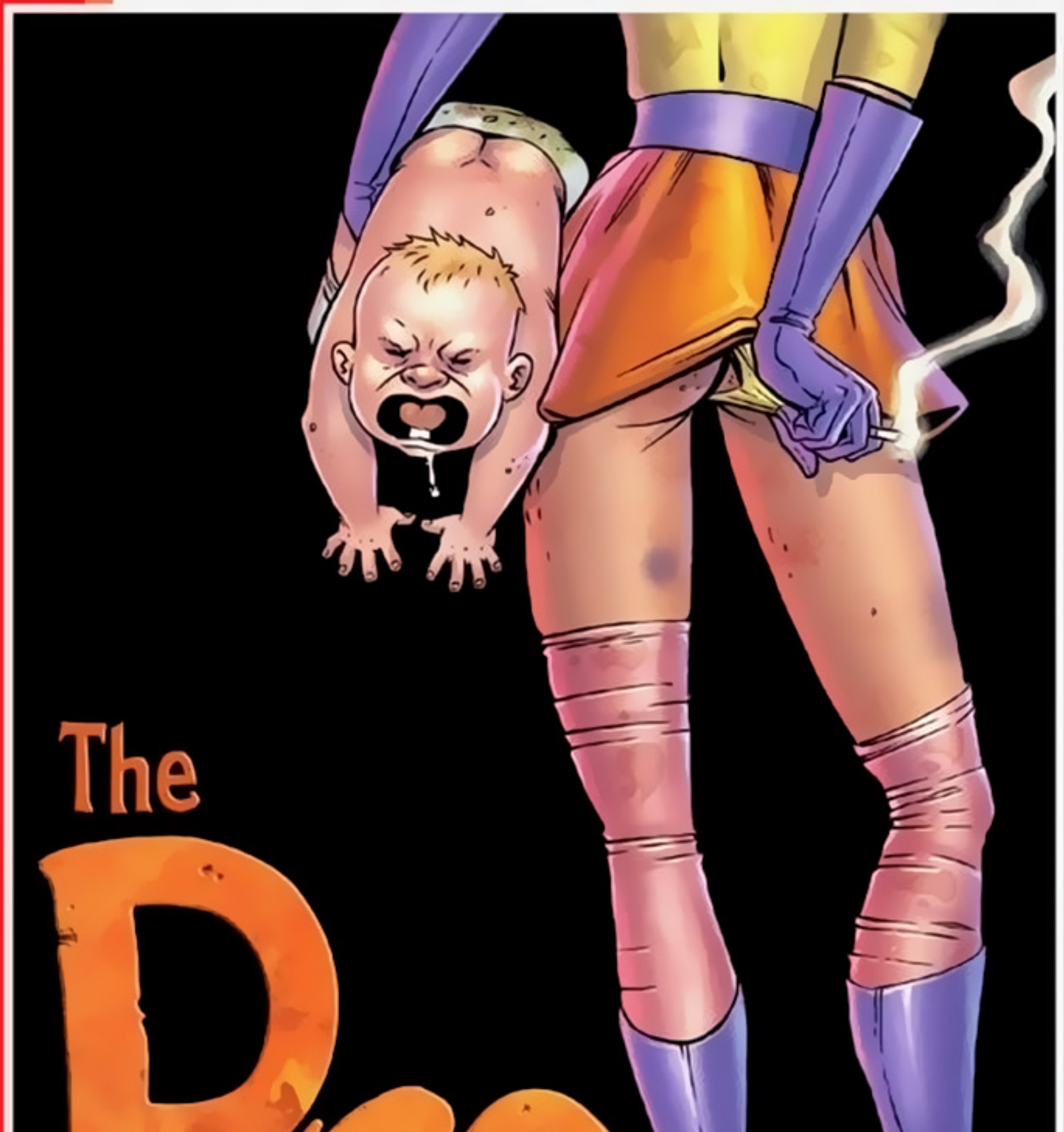
00:32
FSSSSS
HHHHA.
FUCKED AGAIN.
TOLD YOU!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? ANY HUMAN CAN BE A HERO! SEE, A COMMON STREETWALKING PROSTITUTE SACRIFICES HERSELF TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF NEW YORKERS!
I WIN THE WAGER, MY DEDICATED ROBOT COMPANION!
YOU CERTAINLY DO, VOYEUR.
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU...
SORRY. VIEWER. HOW COULD I FORGET.
JUST ONE THING...
SHE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE, DOES SHE?
OF COURSE NOT, THE SATELLITE IS CLOAKED AT ALL TIMES. WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
IT'S JUST THAT SHE DOES SEEM TO BE COMING RATHER CLOSE...
A LITTLE UNDER FIVE MINUTES, WASN'T THAT IT?
OH, HOLY FUCKING SHIT-

EPILOGUE:
HAVING RECOVERED FROM THEIR INJURIES AND MOURNED THEIR FALLEN COMRADE THE LIME, THE LEAGUE OF HONOR RESUMED THEIR EVER-VIGILANT DEFENSE OF THE PLANET EARTH.
THEIR EPIC BATTLES AGAINST SUPER-POWERED VILLAINY AND EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL ALIEN MENACE CONTINUE TO THIS VERY DAY.
SURRENDER NOW, TRANSGRESSORS! YOUR COALITION OF EVIL WILL NOT STAND AGAINST THE LEAGUE OF HONOR!

THE PRO WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.
THE LEAGUE NEVER SPOKE OF HER, NOT EVEN IN WHISPERS. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SHE HADN'T EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE.
FOOLS! THIS TIME YOUR PUNY LEAGUE WILL CRUMBLE BEFORE OUR AWESOME POWER!
Brat
BUT IN A WAY...
MAYBE...
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, BUDDY! BUT DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!
POSSIBLY...
YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKERS!!
Brat
...SHE HADN'T GONE TOO FAR AFTER ALL.
TO BATTLE!

HER KID GREW UP.
NOT A BAD IDEA, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
JIMBREWSKI
WANT HANDFULS OF FUN?
1(900) BIG-BOOBZ
THE END


The
Pro.

The Pro meets...
THE HO
THE MAMA OF MULTIPLE MASTURBATION!
THE KALI OF CUT-PRICE-QUIM!
THE DUSKY DOLL WITH A DOZEN DICK HANDS!
Princess
I'M'A SLAP YO' LITTLE WHITE TITTIES OFF, BITCH!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE...

KNOW THEN, O PRINCE, THAT IN THE DAYS BEFORE HER EPIC BATTLE TO SAVE NEW YORK FROM NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION, THE PRO WAS MAKING MONEY HAND OVER FIST...
UNNH!
BLOOORT
NEXT!
UNNH!
BLOOORT
NEXT!
UNNH!
BLOOORT
NEXT!
LOTTERY
ATM
PHONE CARDS
UNNH!
BLOOORT
NEXT!
JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE--!
I'VE GOT A COMPLAINT ABOUT THESE SUPER-FAST HAND-JOBS OF YOURS!
HUH?
YOU'RE CHARGING TWENTY DOLLARS FOR BARELY TWO SECONDS' WORK! HOW'S A FELLOW SUPPOSED TO RELAX AND ENJOY HIMSELF WHEN THE DARN THING'S OVER BEFORE IT'S BEGUN?
TY·D·wipes
NOW I'M TRYING TO BE REASONABLE HERE, THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS RESORT TO CHEAP NAME-CALLING — LIKE **HARLOT, TROLLOP,** OR **STREETWALKER!** BUT-
GIVE ME A SECOND HERE.

WHERE WERE WE?
I-I-I WAS JUST LEAVING--!
OKAY, WHO'S N--
JUS' A GODDAMN MINUTE, BITCH!
YOU AN' ME GOT SERIOUS SHIT TO SETTLE!
AAH--!
YOU DONE IT NOW, GIRL! YOU GONE AN' DONE IT NOW, ALL RIGHT!
TUBE O' LUBE

YOU GONE AN' PISSED OFF THE HO.
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO YOU?
BITCH, YOU THINK YOU THE ONLY WORKIN' GIRL GOT SUPERPOWERS? PLEASE.
YOU ON MY TURF NOW, LADY. YOU TAKIN' AWAY MY GODDAMN REVEN-UE. I GIVE THE HAND-JOBS AROUND HERE — DOZEN AT A TIME, SLOW AN SMOOTH, THE WAY THESE MUTHAFUCKAS LIKE IT!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT IS THE WAY US MOTHERFUCKERS LIKE IT!
YEAH!
YEAH!
SLOW AND SMOOTH, THAT'S THE WAY TO JERK A GUY OFF — NOT AT THE SPEED OF FUCKING LIGHT THE WAY YOU DO IT!
XXL
x-tremely
x-cellent
lover

WE WANT THE HO!
WE WANT THE HO!
HEY, WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOATS, ASSHOLES...
IF YOU WANT TO STAND AROUND IN A CIRCLE TWELVE AT A TIME AND GET YOUR DICKS STROKED, GO RIGHT AHEAD. 'COURSE, YOU'LL ALL BE LOOKING AT ELEVEN OTHER GUYS WHEN YOU BLOW YOUR WAD— BUT WHAT THE HELL, IT'S A FREE COUNTRY...
er...
WHOA-WHOA-WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!
WE AIN'T FUCKIN' DONE YET, SLUT!
XXL
LOOK, BUCKET-CUNT—
WHAT?!
WHAT THE FUCK YOU CALL ME? WHAT YOU FUCKIN' SAY?
OHHH! OH, NO YOU DID'N! NO YOU DID'N...!
BITCH, I'M'A FUCK YOU UP!!
SLAPPITY-
HEY-
JESUS-
SLAPPITY-
SLAPPITY-
SLAPPITY-
GODDAMMIT-

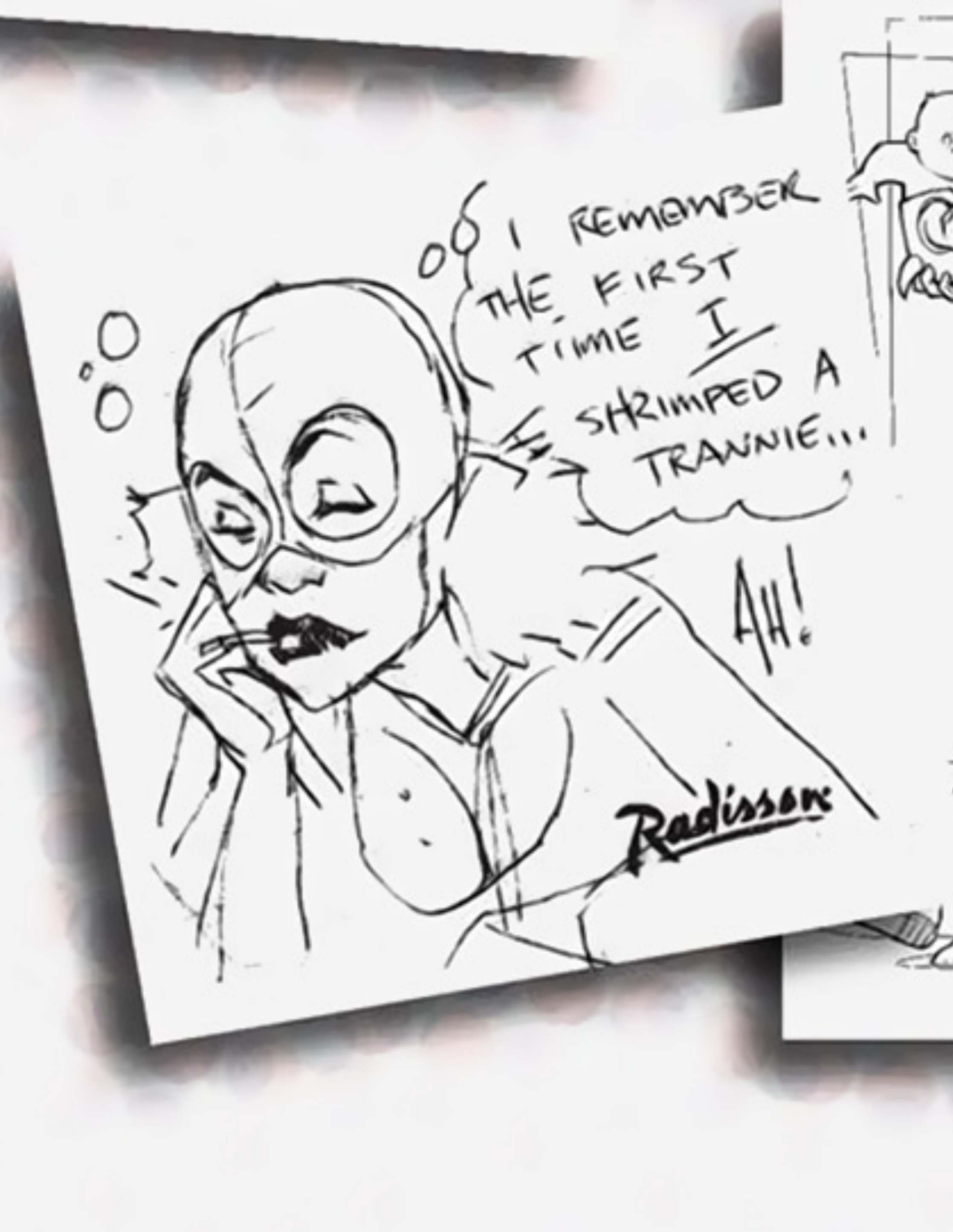
FUCK OFF!
POW
HHHH.
I SWEAR TO GOD, IF IT'S NOT A BUNCH OF FLYING COCK-KNOCKERS IN SPANDEX, IT'S SOME TOTAL FREAK LOOKING FOR A CO-STAR IN HER FUCKING PATHETIC SEARCH FOR ATTENTION...
HELP! HELP! I'M DROWNING IN THE EAST RIVER!
OH, JESUS.
HEEE
EEELLLP!
FUCKING SUPER-HEARING.
... JUST WALKING HOME ONE NIGHT AND ZAP, THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW I'VE GOT ARMS WHERE MY TITS USED TO BE - ARMS WHERE EVERYTHING USED TO BE, AS A MATTER OF FACT...
FAKED THE ACCENT, HUH?
YEAH.
I MEAN NOBODY ASKED ME IF I WANTED SUPER-POWERS - BUT ALONG COMES THIS STUPID RAY FROM SPACE, AND...
I HEAR YOU.
ALL I EVER WANTED TO DO. WAS BE A VET — WORK WITH CUTE LITTLE FURRY ANIMALS, YOU KNOW? BUT WHO THE HELL'S EVER GOING TO HIRE SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE ME?
HMMM.
I THINK I MIGHT HAVE AN IDEA.

WELCOME TO THE BRONX ZOO
I REALLY CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR BRINGING YOUR FRIEND TO OUR ATTENTION...
YOU THINK SHE'LL WORK OUT OKAY, THEN?
OH, INDUBITABLY, SHE'S ALREADY MADE A HUGE DIFFERENCE! COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!
SERVICE AREA
ANIMAL HUSBANDRY DEPARTMENT
NO SMOKING
WE'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THE WINDOW, I IMAGINE IT'S QUITE CROWDED IN THERE...
AS YOU MAY KNOW, THE WORLDWIDE BREEDING PROGRAM FOR ENDANGERED ANIMALS HAS FALLEN BADLY BEHIND SCHEDULE – COLLECTING SPERM FOR ARTIFCIAL INSEMINATION IS A TRICKY AND TIME-CONSUMING BUSINESS, I'M AFRAID...
RRRRRR!
BLOOORT
OOOOOOOOWWWW!
BLOOORT
HHSSSSSSSS!
BLOOORT
YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP!
BLOOORT

BUT WITH THE HO ON THE JOB, WE SHOULD BE BACK UP TO SPEED IN NO TIME!
THERE'S MY LITTLE BUDDIES! THERE'S ALL MY FURRY PALS!
OH, THERE YOU GO, BABY! THERE YOU GO, THERE YOU GO, THAAAAAT'S IT...!
OOHH-OOHH
OOHH-OOHH
OOHH-OOHH
OOHH-OOHH-
OOHHHH!!!
FAUNA LUBE
FAUNA LUBE REFILL
DUSTRIAL SIZE
BLOOORT
THE END

SKETCHBOOK

art & commentary by Amanda Conner



1) I'D JUST BOUGHT A PAD WITH DIFFERENT COLORED ART PAPER AND I WANTED TO TRY IT OUT. THE PRO FLIPPING THE BIRD IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE IMAGES TO DRAW.

2) I ACTUALLY HAD TO SKETCH AND RE-SKETCH THIS ONE A FEW TIMES BEFORE GETTING IT RIGHT. I NEVER KNEW THAT THIS PARTICULAR POSE COULD BE SO TOUGH TO DRAW. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I USED FOR REFERENCE, BUT THERE IS PROBABLY A POLAROID OF ME DIGGING OUT A WEDGIE IN A LANDFILL SOMEWHERE.

3) SHOWING A FRONT VIEW OF SOMEONE SCRATCHING THEIR ASS IS ALSO A TOUGH ONE TO DRAW. HER POSE IS MUCH MORE WEARIED IN THE ONE WHERE SHE IS FLIPPING THE BIRD, SO I COMBINED THE TWO. THAT'S THE POSE YOU SEE ON THE BACK OF THE SOFTCOVER. THOSE CIRCLES ABOVE WERE IDEAS FOR HER BELT BUCKLE. GARTH WANTED THE COSTUME TO BE ILL-FITTING AND MISMATCHED. WE IMAGINED THAT THE LEAGUE OF HONOR WOULD SORT OF JUST SLAP TOGETHER A COSTUME FOR HER OUT OF USED CLOTHES FROM FORMER LEAGUE MEMBERS. I FIGURED MURCURY MAN'S OLD BELT WOULD HAVE THE RIGHT... UM... IMAGERY ON IT. IS THAT A PHONE NUMBER UP THERE? I DO THAT A LOT ON ARTWORK, BUT USUALLY I TRY TO ERASE IT BEFORE IT GOES TO PRINT SO THAT MY FRIENDS DON'T CALL ME UP SCREAMING ABOUT STRANGE PHONE CALLS.

4) A BUNCH OF US WERE HANGING OUT IN THE HOTEL BAR AT THE PITTSBURGH COMIC CON, AND JIMMY WAS TELLING EVIL, DIRTY, NASTY JOKES AND JOHN ROMITA JR. WAS LAUGHING SO HARD HE FELL ON THE FLOOR. THEN ADAM HUGHES PRESENTED ME WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL BAR NAPKIN SKETCH. I KEEP IT ABOVE MY DESK FOR INSPIRATION, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHAT "SHRIMPING" IS YET... YEAH, YOU'D THINK THAT I WOULD KNOW THAT ONE, HUH?

5) THAT'S A PIECE I DID FOR WHEN ADAM ATTEMPTED TO TEACH PHOTOSHOP COLORING TO ME. IT WAS LIKE (IN HIS WORDS) "MARIO ANDRETTI TRYING TO TEACH SOMEONE TO RIDE A TRICYCLE." STILL, ADAM IS A VERY PATIENT MAN, AND I DID LEARN A FEW THINGS, BUT I FORGOT TO ASK HIM WHAT "SHRIMPING" MEANS.

1 & 2) IN THE BEGINNING, WE KNEW WE WANTED TO HAVE AN ALMOST COMPLETELY BLACK COVER. THESE SKETCHES WERE A FEW OF THE OTHER IDEAS I HAD FOR THE COVER. GARTH LIKED THE ONE WHERE THE PRO FORMS A "P" WITH HER BODY (I DUNNO WHERE THAT SKETCH IS). SOMETIMES PEOPLE TELL ME THAT AT FIRST THEY COULDN'T SEE HER FORMING THE "P" AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS CALLED "THE RO".

3) I USE TO CO-OWN A COMIC STORE IN N.J. CALLED FUNNYBOOKS. EVERY SO OFTEN FUNNYBOOKS HAS A SIGNING/ PARTY CALLED FUNNYRAMA. IT WAS HERE THAT KICK-ASS HOTTIE SARAH DYER MADE ME DRAW THE PRO'S HEAD. THEN SHE ADDED A BODY AND A BIG PREGNANT BELLY THAT MAKES HER SKIRT HIKE UP SO MUCH THAT YOU CAN SEE HER UNDIES. PRETTY SOON SARAH WILL LOOK ALOT LIKE THIS, EXCEPT FOR THE CIGARETTE AND THE MINI-SKIRT.

4 & 5) THESE ARE CONVENTION PRINTS. ALONG WITH FLIPPING THE BIRD, THE PRO POSING ON A TOILET IS ANOTHER OF MY FAVORITE THINGS TO DRAW. DOODY HUMOR IS FUN. JIMMY HEARS AND SEES ALOT OF IT AT HOME. I GUESS IT'S MY OWN INSUFFICIENT REGULARITY THAT MAKES ME SO FASCINATED WITH DOODY HUMOR. THERE. I SAID IT. PASS THE RAISIN BRAN.

For Jim Steranko

SHE CURSES

SHE SMOKES

SHE BLOWS
AWAY THE COMPETITION

SHE'S THE MOST UNLIKELY PERSON ON EARTH TO GET SUPER-POWERS!

SHE'S
THE PRO.

"I've seen tits. I've seen cooch and knuckles and ankles and capes and tight belts and high boots with even higher heels. I've seen cigs, masks, super-villains and jets and big hair BJs. I've also read THE PRO. Man, I hope I spelled 'cooch' properly."

—John Cassaday

"THE PRO is laughing with me, not at me. Well, okay, it's doing both. But it's still great."

—Mark Waid

"This is the comic that Garth, Amanda and Jimmy will be apologizing for in Heaven minutes before being sent directly to Hell. But hey, if their eternal damnation is the only downside, then I demand a sequel."

—Gail Simone

"Amanda Conner is hot."

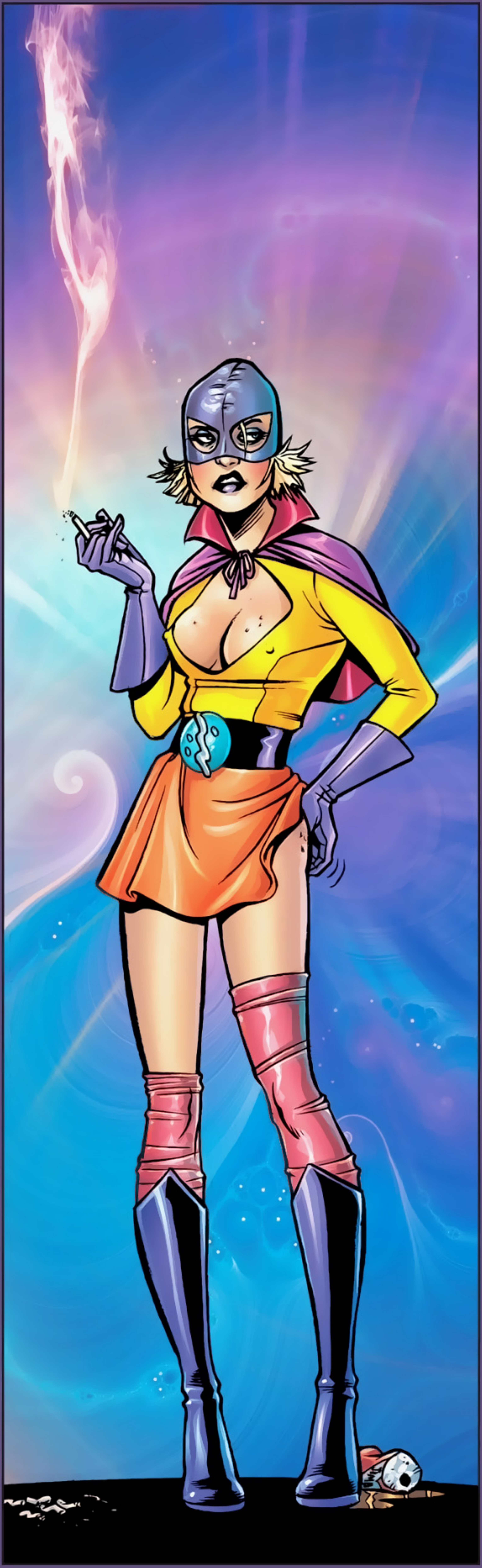
—Joe Casey

"This is the WATCHMEN of comics about unprotected sex with whores."

—Brian K. Vaughan

"Joe Casey is a dead man."

—Jimmy Palmiotti



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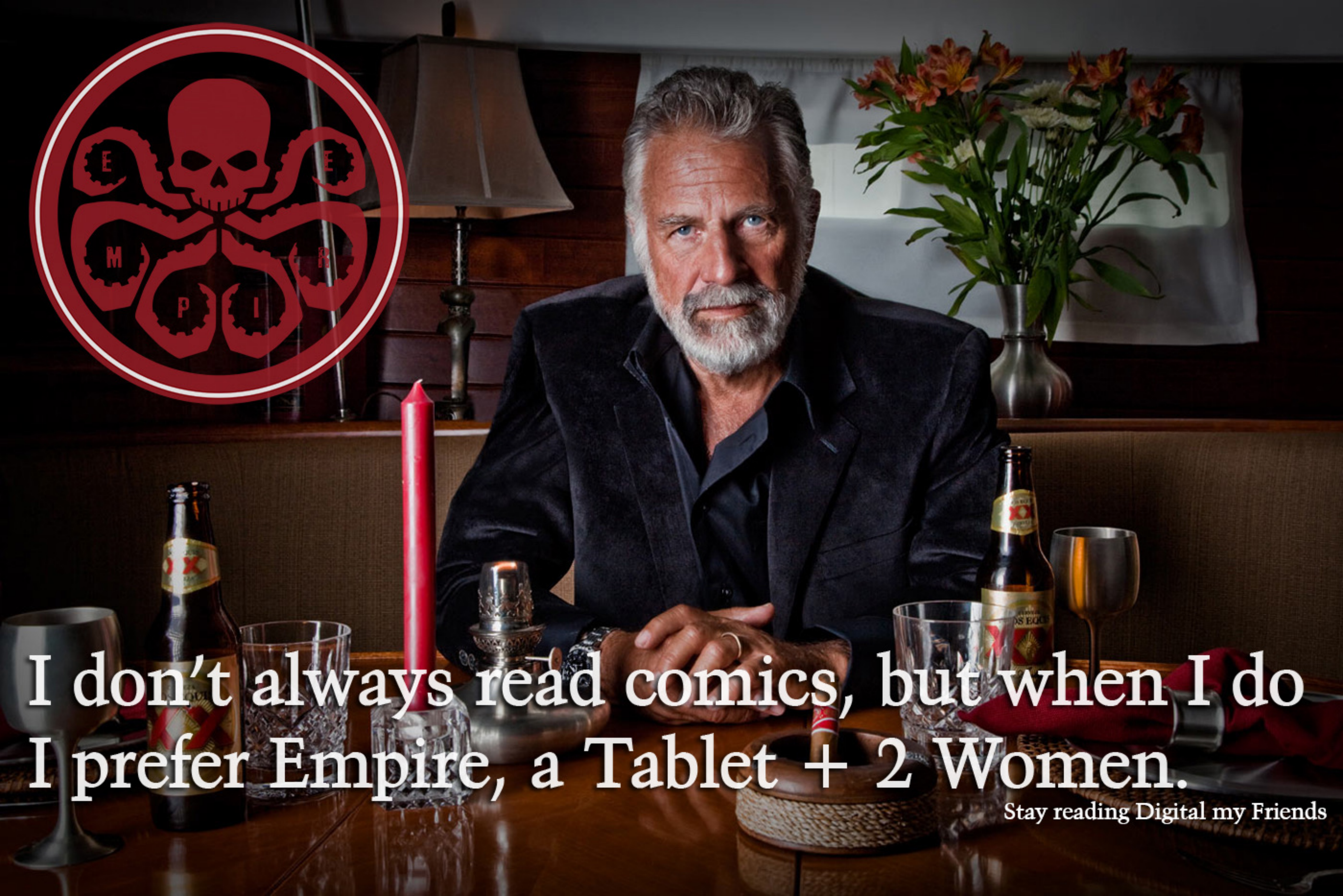
SUPERHERO HUMOR


E E M R P I
I don't always read comics, but when I do I prefer Empire, a Tablet + 2 Women.
Stay reading Digital my Friends